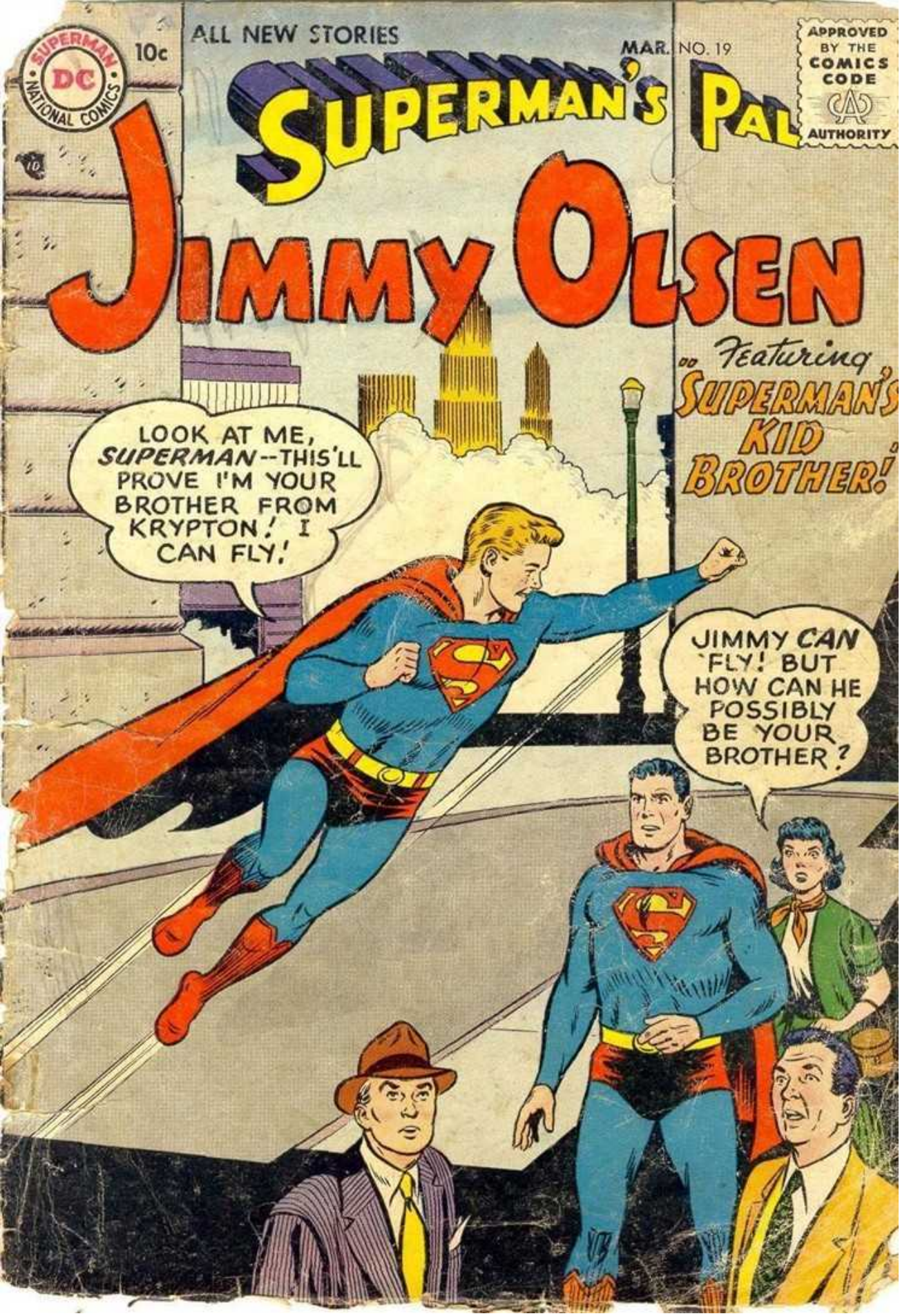
SUPERMAN
DC
NATIONAL COMICS
10c
ALL NEW STORIES
MAR. NO. 19
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
SUPERMAN'S PAL
JIMMY OLSEN
featuring
SUPERMAN'S KID BROTHER!
LOOK AT ME, SUPERMAN--THIS'LL PROVE I'M YOUR BROTHER FROM KRYPTON! I CAN FLY!
JIMMY CAN FLY! BUT HOW CAN HE POSSIBLY BE YOUR BROTHER?

Check the Kind of Body YOU Want! RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add SOLID INCHES of powerful new muscle SO FAST your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs — help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered dynamo! You'll *feel* and *look* different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

ARE YOU

- Skinny, Weak and run down?
- Always tired?
- Nervous?
- Lacking in confidence?
- Suffering from bad breath?
- Fat and flabby?
- Do you want to lose or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK

VALUABLE TROPHY GIVEN AWAY

Be the envy of friends! Win this strikingly handsome "Atlas Champions" trophy, over 14½ ft. high! All pupils eligible.

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17 to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through *"Dynamic Tension"* you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—*"Dynamic Tension"* will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of *"Dynamic Tension"* almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD THE MUSCLE and VITALITY you want. And *you'll* be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

FREE Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my book describing my famous method. (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what *"Dynamic Tension"* has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3543 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**

Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4¼ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."
—Henry Neven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"
—Stanley Lynn, Calif.

"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."
—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."
—T. K., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."
—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."
—J. W., Montana

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 3543
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ If under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.

SUPERMAN'S PAL JIMMY OLSEN

HOW CAN JIMMY OLSEN BE IN TWO PLACES AT THE SAME TIME? IF YOU'RE BAFFLED BY THIS AMAZING PARADOX, SO IS **SUPERMAN**, WHEN JIMMY FOLLOWS A SECRET PLAN INVOLVING...

THE TWO JIMMY OLSENS

YOU NABBED A CROOK? LET ME HAVE THE EXCLUSIVE SCOOP, **SUPERMAN!** AFTER ALL, I'M YOUR PAL!

BUT... BUT JIMMY IS AT HOME, TOO, UNLESS MY **TELESCOPIC VISION** IS PLAYING TRICKS ON ME!

SIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS 1 JANUARY 1957

A STARTLING SIGHT GREETS CUB REPORTER JIMMY OLSEN, ONE MORNING, AS HE STARTS OUT FOR WORK...

GOOD MORNING, JIMMY... DO I LOOK FAMILIAR?

HOLY COW! YOU... YOU'RE MY EXACT DOUBLE! WHO ARE YOU?

HA, HA... I'M ACTUALLY AN EXPERIMENTAL MODEL OF A NEW TYPE OF ROBOT, ELECTRONICALLY CONTROLLED BY DR. SAXON HERE-- THE MAN WHO INVENTED ME!

THAT'S RIGHT, MR. OLSEN-- MY **MECHANICAL DOUBLES** ACT ALMOST HUMAN!

SUPERMAN'S PAL JIMMY OLSEN, No. 19 Mar., 1957. Published monthly, with the exception of Jan., May, July, and Nov., by NATIONAL COMICS PUBLICATIONS, INC., 2nd and Dickey Streets, SPARTA, ILL. Editorial, Executive offices and Subscriptions, 480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER at the post office at Sparta, Ill. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. $1.00 including postage. Foreign, $2.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
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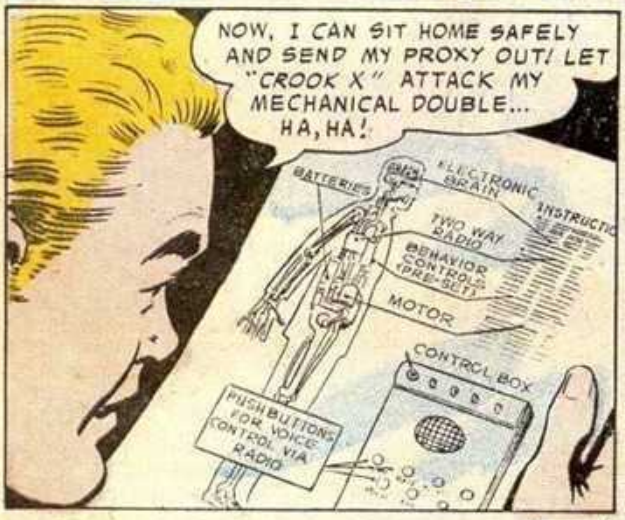
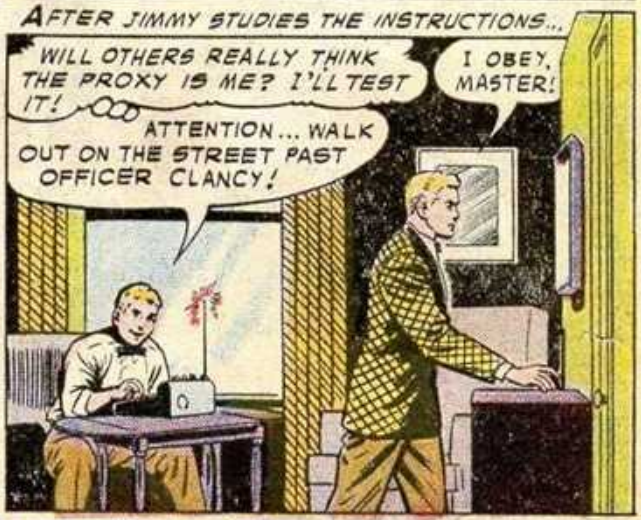
Printed in U.S.A.

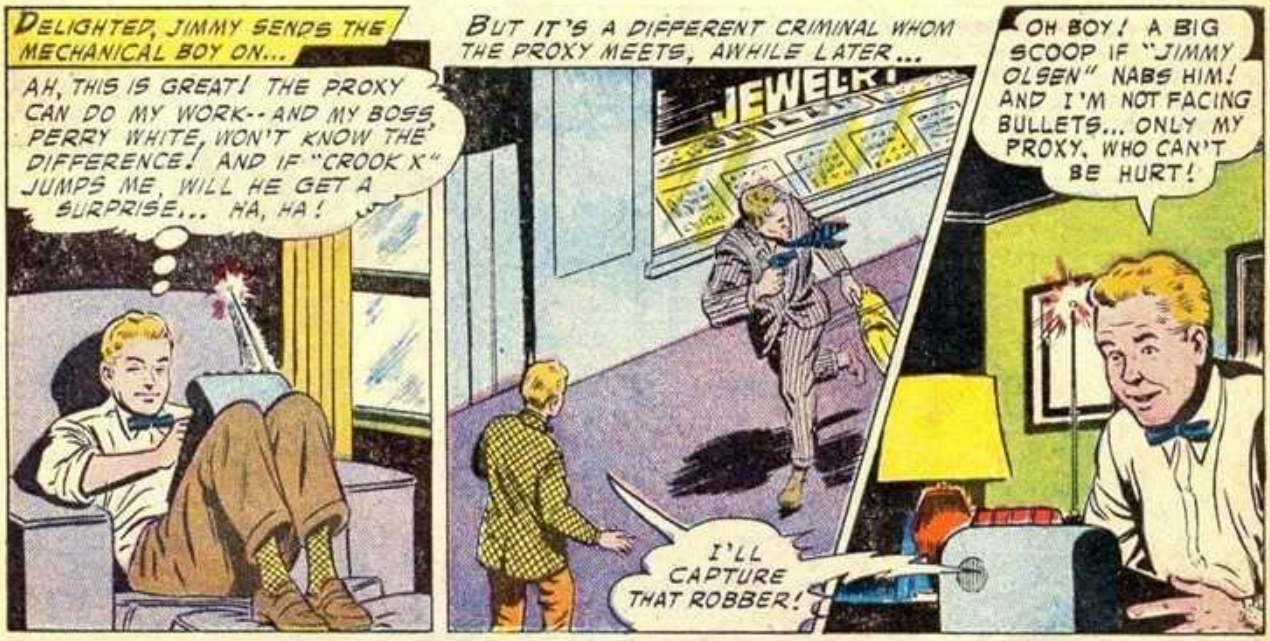
IT'S ALL PLASTIC CONSTRUCTION... ELECTRONIC BRAIN... COMPLETELY MOTORIZED! I'D LIKE YOU TO TRY THIS ONE OUT FOR 24 HOURS--LET ME KNOW HOW WELL IT WORKS!
SURE... WHAT CAN I LOSE?
GOOD... ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS FOLLOW THOSE SIMPLE DIRECTIONS! IF YOU WISH, YOU CAN EVEN SEND YOUR PROXY TO WORK IN YOUR PLACE!
THAT SOUNDS GREAT... BUT I REALLY HAVE A BETTER REASON FOR TAKING THE PROXY!
YOU SEE, I RECEIVED THIS THREATENING NOTE FROM ONE OF THE CRIMINALS I'M EXPOSING IN THE DAILY PLANET!
I'll get even with you, Jimmy Olsen, when your pal Superman isn't around to protect you!
Crook X

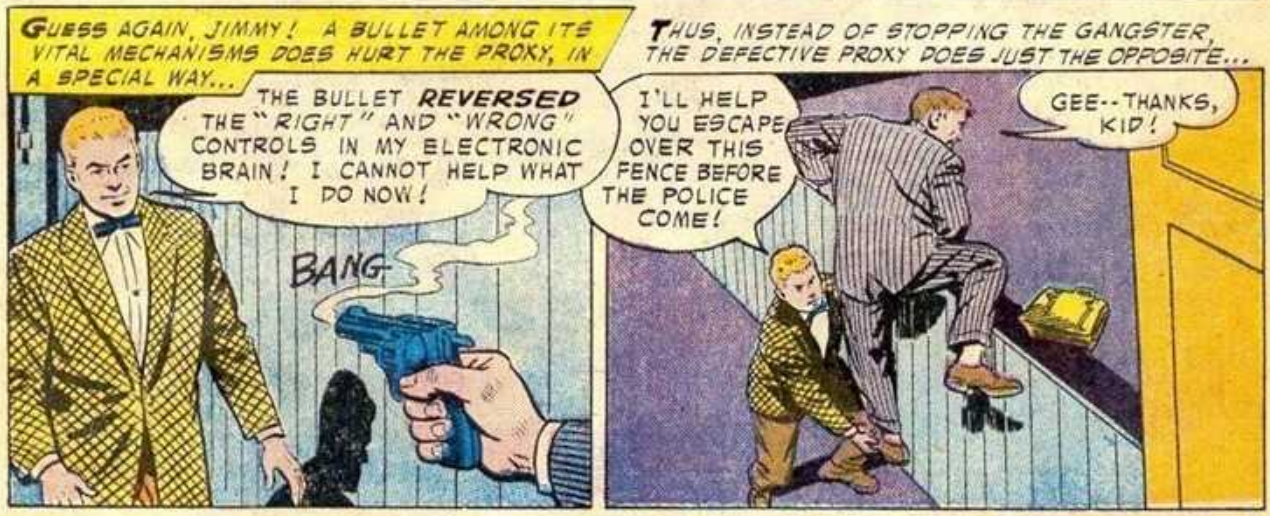

NOW, I CAN SIT HOME SAFELY AND SEND MY PROXY OUT! LET "CROOK X" ATTACK MY MECHANICAL DOUBLE... HA, HA!
BATTERIES
ELECTRONIC BRAIN
TWO WAY RADIO
BEHAVIOR CONTROLS (PRE-SET)
MOTOR
CONTROL BOX
PUSH BUTTONS FOR VOICE CONTROL VIA RADIO


AFTER JIMMY STUDIES THE INSTRUCTIONS...
WILL OTHERS REALLY THINK THE PROXY IS ME? I'LL TEST IT!
I OBEY, MASTER!
ATTENTION... WALK OUT ON THE STREET PAST OFFICER CLANCY!

AS JIMMY WATCHES FROM HIS WINDOW...
HI THERE, JIMMY!
SUPER-DUPER! IF CLANCY IS FOOLED, THEN "CROOK X" WILL BE FOOLED, TOO!
FLORI

THE PROXY PROVES EVEN MORE AMAZINGLY LIKE JIMMY WHEN...
I'LL SAVE THIS CHILD!
WONDERFUL! WHEN ITS ELECTRONIC EYES SPOT DANGER, IT ACTS WITHOUT ORDERS FROM ME!
NATIONAL


DELIGHTED, JIMMY SENDS THE MECHANICAL BOY ON...
AH, THIS IS GREAT! THE PROXY CAN DO MY WORK--AND MY BOSS, PERRY WHITE, WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE! AND IF "CROOK X" JUMPS ME, WILL HE GET A SURPRISE... HA, HA!
BUT IT'S A DIFFERENT CRIMINAL WHOM THE PROXY MEETS, AWHILE LATER...
JEWELRY
I'LL CAPTURE THAT ROBBER!
OH BOY! A BIG SCOOP IF "JIMMY OLSEN" NABS HIM! AND I'M NOT FACING BULLETS... ONLY MY PROXY, WHO CAN'T BE HURT!


GUESS AGAIN, JIMMY! A BULLET AMONG ITS VITAL MECHANISMS DOES HURT THE PROXY, IN A SPECIAL WAY...
THE BULLET REVERSED THE "RIGHT" AND "WRONG" CONTROLS IN MY ELECTRONIC BRAIN! I CANNOT HELP WHAT I DO NOW!
BANG
THUS, INSTEAD OF STOPPING THE GANGSTER, THE DEFECTIVE PROXY DOES JUST THE OPPOSITE...
I'LL HELP YOU ESCAPE OVER THIS FENCE BEFORE THE POLICE COME!
GEE--THANKS, KID!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, ANOTHER FIGURE COMES STREAKING TO THE RESCUE...
SUPERMAN! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE MY CHANCES IN THIS CAR!
PARKING
WHAT CAR?
OWAW
3

AND WHILE SUPERMAN TRANSPORTS THE THIEF TO JAIL, THE DEFECTIVE ROBOT REPORTS BACK TO JIMMY WITH BOASTFUL LIES...
YES, MASTER, I CAPTURED THE CROOK AFTER A GREAT FIGHT, AND DRAGGED HIM TO THE POLICE!
WOW! WHAT A STORY! MY NAME WILL BE ON THE FRONT PAGE!
HERE--YOU CAN BRING IN THE STORY! AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, TELL THE BOSS HOW GOOD YOU... ER... I AM! ASK HIM FOR A RAISE!
YES, MASTER!
BUT ONCE AGAIN, DAMAGED WIRING RESULTS IN MORE DECEIT...
MR. WHITE, I'M NOT DOING A GOOD JOB! YOU SHOULD CUT MY PAY!
GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST! I MUST BE HEARING THINGS! OF COURSE, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, JIMMY, HOW CAN I REFUSE?
BACK HOME, THE DECEIT CONTINUES...
YOUR PAY HAS BEEN DOUBLED, MASTER!
SUPER-DUPER! FOR THAT, I'LL WORK TWICE AS HARD... ER... THAT IS, YOU WILL! YOUR NEXT JOB IS TO FINISH THAT PAINTING I STARTED, FOR BROTHERHOOD WEEK!
SOON...
BROTHERHOOD WEEK
Be Pals LIKE SUPERMAN AND JIMMY OLSEN
I WILL FINISH IT!
LATER, WHEN SUPERMAN FLIES BY...
GREAT SCOTT! WHAT VANDAL TAMPERED WITH JIMMY'S POSTER?
BROTHERHOOD WEEK
Be Pals LIKE SUPERMAN AND JIMMY OLS
BEST THING TO DO IS TEAR IT DOWN AND REPLACE IT WITH A NEW ONE!

ONLY THIS TIME, I'LL MAKE SURE NOBODY CAN ALTER IT-- BY CHISELING IT OUT OF THIS ROCK!
MEANWHILE, AS THE LYING ROBOT REPORTS BACK TO ITS UNSUSPECTING MASTER...
I FINISHED YOUR PAINTING IN GREAT STYLE!
GOOD! AFTER YOU DELIVER THE STORY, GO TO THE METROPOLIS MUSEUM! THEY'RE MOUNTING A NEW GIANT FOSSIL... WRITE A NICE EXCITING FEATURE ABOUT IT!
AT THE MUSEUM, THE PERVERSE PROXY OBEYS--IN A UNIQUE WAY...
THIS SHOULD PROVE EXCITING-- TIPPING THE LADDER!
WHAT--? HELP! THE FOSSIL WILL BE SMASHED!
SUPER-HEARING PICKS UP THE CRASH, BRINGING SUPERMAN TO THE SITE, JUST IN TIME TO SEE...
JIMMY OLSEN RUNNING OUT! WAIT--I DETECT A WHIRRING NOISE INSIDE HIM, AND... GREAT SCOTT! MY X-RAY VISION SHOWS IT'S A MECHANICAL DOUBLE OF JIMMY!
INSIDE, A MOMENT LATER...
I HATED TO LET THAT STRANGE PROXY GET AWAY-- BUT RESCUING THIS TRAPPED MAN IS MORE IMPORTANT!
TH-THANK YOU, SUPERMAN!

I--I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT... WHAT SORT OF PERSON WOULD PULL SUCH A TERRIBLE PRACTICAL JOKE?
MUST'VE BEEN JIMMY'S PROXY... BUT WHY? I'LL FIND OUT, AS SOON AS I'VE REBUILT THIS FOSSIL!

BUT AT THIS VERY MOMENT, IT LOOKS LIKE JIMMY'S GOING TO BEAT SUPERMAN TO THE SOLUTION...
SUPERMAN HAS JUST REBUILT A FOSSIL WRECKED BY SOME UNKNOWN VANDAL!
YOU HELPED BUILD THE FOSSIL AND... WAIT! WHAT'S THAT ON THE RADIO?

WAS IT THE SAME VANDAL WHO HELPED A CRIMINAL, AND WHO TAMPERED WITH A SIGN, AS SUPERMAN REPORTS?
G-GOLLY... I DIDN'T NOTICE THAT BULLET-HOLE BEFORE! YOU MUST BE THE "VANDAL" THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT!

THUS, AFTER SUPERMAN HAS ARRIVED AND HEARD THE WHOLE STORY...
ONLY ONE THING TO DO... GET RID OF THIS DEFECTIVE PROXY!
WAIT, JIMMY! WHY NOT CARRY OUT YOUR ORIGINAL PLAN TO FOOL "CROOK X"? LET HIM GO AFTER THE PROXY, THEN I'LL NAB HIM RED-HANDED!

SAY... THAT'S A GREAT IDEA, SUPERMAN! LET "CROOK X" GET MY PROXY! IT'LL SERVE HIM RIGHT ANYHOW!
MEANWHILE, I'LL HAVE TIME TO INFORM DR. SAXON THAT HIS INVENTION IS A FAILURE, BECAUSE IT CAN GO AWRY TOO EASILY!

BUT ONCE ALONE, AN ALARMING THOUGHT OCCURS TO JIMMY...
I JUST REMEMBERED... THOSE FALSE "SCOOPS" I WROTE-- GOT TO RUSH TO THE OFFICE AND STOP THE PRESSES! IF I PHONE, THE BOSS MIGHT FIRE ME... IN PERSON, MAYBE I CAN KEEP HIM FROM BLOWING HIS TOP!

AND OUTSIDE, THE IMPULSIVE YOUNG REPORTER RUNS RIGHT INTO--CROOK X!
GOT YOU, JIMMY OLSEN! NOW I'LL TAKE YOU ON A RIDE OUT OF TOWN--FROM WHICH YOU WON'T RETURN... HA, HA!
POW
SO AWHILE LATER, THINKING JIMMY SAFE AT HOME, SUPERMAN DOES NOT REALIZE THE TRUTH WHEN HIS TELESCOPIC VISION SHOWS...
THAT TIME-BOMB CHAINED TO OLSEN WILL GO OFF IN ONE MINUTE!
THE JOKE'S ON CROOK X! LET THE DEFECTIVE PROXY BLOW UP, WHILE I MAKE THE CAPTURE!
TICK TICK TICK
SWIFTLY, THE MAN OF STEEL TRAPS THE CULPRIT DRIVING AWAY...
OOF! OKAY-- YOU GOT ME, SUPERMAN... BUT YOUR BOY PAL GETS BLOWN UP IN 10 SECONDS!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK... IT'S ONLY A LIFELESS PROXY!
LITTLE DO YOU REALIZE THE TRUTH, SUPERMAN!
A BOMB ?GULP? AND I CAN'T CRAWL AWAY FROM IT! MY SECRET SIGNAL WRIST-WATCH FELL OFF, TOO... I WON'T REACH IT IN TIME TO CALL SUPERMAN! I'M SUNK!
BUT AT THE VERY LAST INSTANT...
SUPERMAN... JUST IN TIME! ?WHEW?
MY INDESTRUCTIBLE CAPE PROTECTS YOU! I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE PROXY UNTIL NOW! WE'LL DESTROY HIM AT THE OFFICE... HE CAUSED US BOTH PLENTY OF TROUBLE!
BOOM
BUT MORE TROUBLE AWAITS YOU AT THE OFFICE, SUPERMAN, IN THE FORM OF LOIS LANE...
HELLO, MR. CLARK SUPERMAN KENT!
UH...THAT OLD GAG, AGAIN, LOIS? HA, HA.. YOU NEVER GIVE UP!

"DON'T DENY IT, SUPERMAN! THIS MORNING, FROM MY WINDOW, I SAW CLARK CHECKING A DELIVERY OF PAPER, WHEN SUDDENLY..."
OOF! I DIDN'T NOTICE THIS ONE ROLLING AT ME!
CLARK! HE'LL BE CRUSHED! I'LL CALL THE AMBULANCE!
"YET, A MOMENT LATER..."
LUCKILY, THE TRUCK DRIVER DIDN'T SEE THIS HAPPEN!
WHAT--? HE'S UNHARMED. THEN--HE MUST BE SUPERMAN!
WELL? HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN... GOODNESS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, JIMMY?
SMASHING MY MECHANICAL DOUBLE, WHICH TOOK MY PLACE AT THE OFFICE TODAY! IT'S DEFECTIVE, AND I'M DESTROYING IT!
OH, DEAR... THEN--THEN CLARK MUST'VE HAD ONE, TOO! IT WAS ONLY HIS PROXY THAT WAS CRUSHED-- NOT CLARK HIMSELF! MY SUSPICIONS WERE UNFOUNDED!
WHEW! JIMMY'S BAD PROXY SURE DID ME A GOOD DEED, SAVING MY SECRET IDENTITY!
BY THE WAY, SUPERMAN, HOW DID YOU CATCH ON THAT THE PROXY WAS POSING AS ME?
SIMPLE ENOUGH, JIMMY... AFTER NABBING THE CROOK, I REMEMBER HAVING SEEN YOUR SIGNAL WRISTWATCH NEAR YOU. SINCE THE PROXY DIDN'T WEAR A WATCH, I REALIZED IT WAS REALLY YOU!
LATER...
THAT'S THAT! DR. SAXON HAS GIVEN UP HIS EXPERIMENT, AND EVERYTHING IS STRAIGHTENED OUT NOW!
PLANET 5¢
JIMMY OLSEN PROVES PLASTIC ROBOT UNSAFE
NOT QUITE EVERYTHING, JIMMY...
YIPES! MY DOUBLE DOUBLE-CROSSED ME! I'LL HAVE TO ASK FOR A RAISE, JUST TO GET MY PAY BACK TO WHERE IT WAS!
MEMO: PERRY WHITE TO JIMMY OLSEN YOUR PAY HAS BEEN CUT AS YOU REQUESTED.
THE END.

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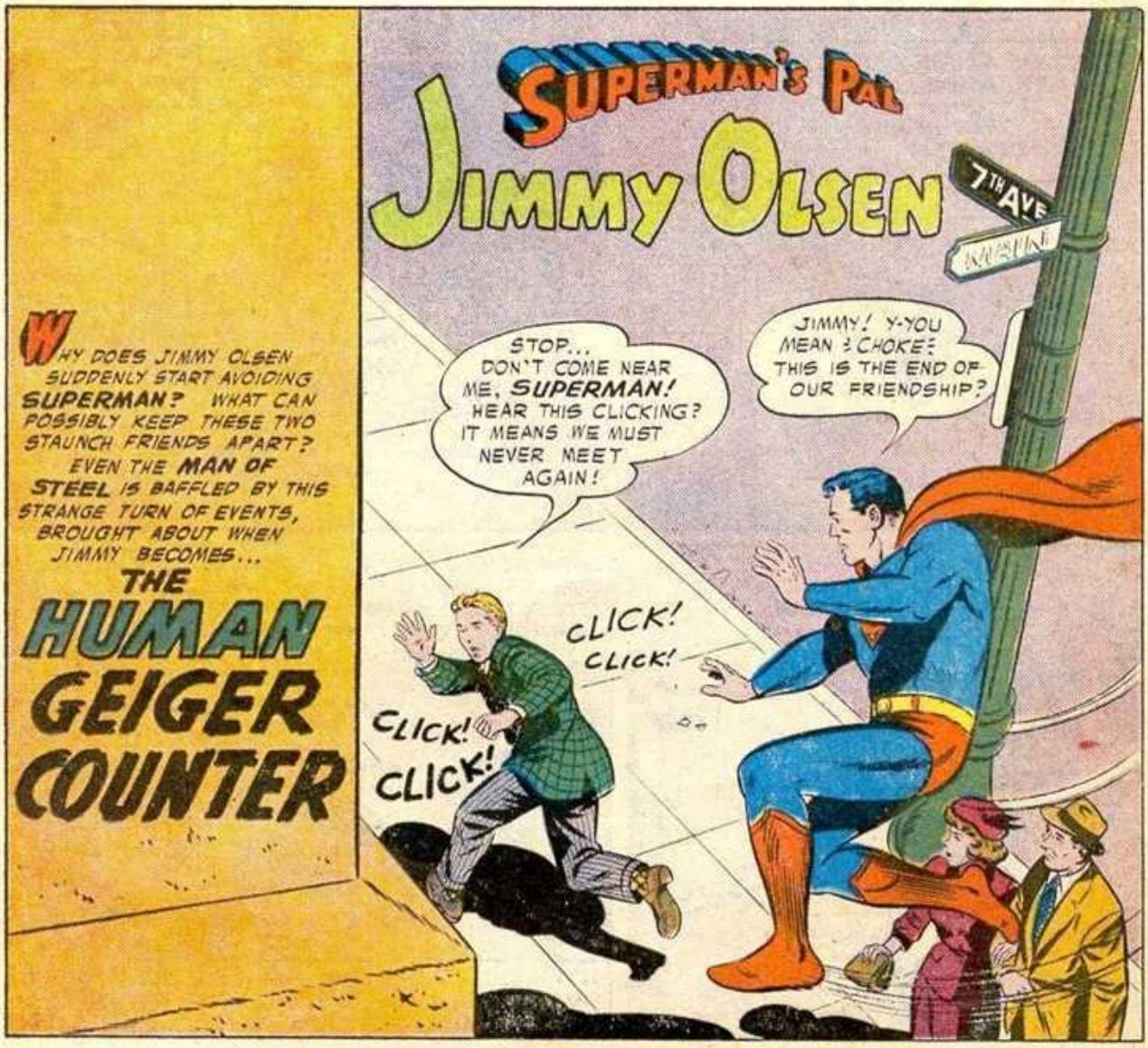
Shorty
RAIN!
WHAT A DAY I PICKED FOR FISHING!
BUT THE THOUGHT OF A SIZZLING PLATTER OF TROUT -- MMM.
HI, STRANGER! ANY LUCK?
NO, NOT A NIBBLE. THIS THEORY OF FISH BEING BRAIN FOOD IS A LOT OF HOOEY!
WHY?
IF I HAD ANY BRAINS WOULD I BE HERE NOW?
THE END

SUPERMAN'S PAL JIMMY OLSEN

WHY DOES JIMMY OLSEN SUDDENLY START AVOIDING **SUPERMAN?** WHAT CAN POSSIBLY KEEP THESE TWO STAUNCH FRIENDS APART? EVEN THE **MAN OF STEEL** IS BAFFLED BY THIS STRANGE TURN OF EVENTS, BROUGHT ABOUT WHEN JIMMY BECOMES...

THE HUMAN GEIGER COUNTER


7TH AVE
STOP... DON'T COME NEAR ME, SUPERMAN! HEAR THIS CLICKING? IT MEANS WE MUST NEVER MEET AGAIN!
JIMMY! Y-YOU MEAN :CHOKE: THIS IS THE END OF OUR FRIENDSHIP?
CLICK! CLICK!
CLICK! CLICK!

ONE DAY, AS **SUPERMAN** STREAKS OUT INTO SPACE TO DESTROY A METEOR HURTLING TOWARD EARTH...

AND, WHEN THE **MAN OF STEEL** MAKES HEADLINES, HE ALWAYS THINKS FIRST OF HIS YOUNG PAL...

A NICE SCOOP FOR JIMMY OLSEN! I'LL SEND A SUPER SHOUT TO HIS OFFICE...
SUPERMAN CALLING JIMMY! I FOUND A GOLDEN METEOR!
DAILY PLANET

AS THE WORDS REACH JIMMY'S EARS...
MEET ME AT THE OLD QUARRY, WHERE I'LL MELT THE GOLD INTO INGOTS, THEN DONATE THEM TO CHARITY!
THAT'S MY PAL! I'LL RUSH RIGHT OVER!
BUT WHEN THE YOUNG REPORTER APPROACHES HIS DESTINATION...
HEY, WHAT'S THAT SOUND? WHERE IS IT COMING FROM?
QUARRY ONE BLOCK
CLICK! CLICK!
CLICK!
WHY... IT SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM ME! AND THE NEARER I APPROACH SUPERMAN, THE LOUDER IT GETS! I--I CAN'T GO ON!
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
TH-THE NOISE MADE ME DIZZY... GOT TO LEAVE!
HMM... THE CLICKS GROW SOFTER AS HE MOVES AWAY FROM SUPERMAN! MUST FOLLOW THAT KID--SEE WHAT'S CAUSING IT...
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
WATCH OUT FOR THIS MAN, JIMMY! HE'S "DOC" ARCHER, A CRIMINAL SCIENTIST WHOM FATE HAS PLACED IN YOUR PATH!
IN THE MEANTIME, AT THE QUARRY...
WHAT'S KEEPING JIMMY?... I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER! THE HEAT OF MY X-RAY VISION WILL MELT THE GOLD INTO INGOTS, FOR DELIVERY TO CHARITY HEADQUARTERS!
ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE OFFICE, MEANWHILE, JIMMY COMES UPON A POSSIBLE CLUE TO HIS MYSTERY...
DIZZY? HEART HAMMERING? YOU MAY BE ALLERGIC TO DUST, WOOL, ANIMAL FUR, EVEN A PERSON!
TAKE ACME ALLERGY PILLS
HOLY COW! YOU CAN BE ALLERGIC TO A PERSON?... AND THE SYMPTOMS ARE DIZZINESS AND A HAMMERING HEART?
2

GOLLY... WASN'T MY HEART POUNDING REAL HARD BEFORE, NEAR SUPERMAN? I--I'D BETTER CHECK... I'LL WAIT FOR HIM AT CHARITY HEADQUARTERS, WHEN HE DELIVERS THE GOLD!
LATER, WHEN SUPERMAN FLIES PAST JIMMY...
GULP! MY HEART'S BEATING LIKE A TRIP-HAMMER! THAT PROVES IT... I'VE BECOME ALLERGIC TO SUPERMAN!
CHARITY HEADQUARTERS
CHARITY HEADQUARTERS
CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!
GOT TO AVOID SUPERMAN (CHOKE) OR I MIGHT GET HEART FAILURE!
HMM... I HAVE A THEORY ABOUT JIMMY OLSEN'S CLICKING! IF IT PROVES TRUE, I CAN CASH IN ON THIS... BIG!
CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!
UPON RETURNING TO WORK, JIMMY RUNS INTO STILL MORE MISERY...
GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST! LOOK AT THIS SCOOP YOU MISSED, JIMMY... AND YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SUPERMAN'S PAL!
PAL?... HE'S POISON TO ME NOW! BUT... BUT HOW CAN I EXPLAIN MY... ER... SUPERMAN ALLERGY TO THE BOSS? IT SOUNDS CRAZY!
STAR-LEDGER
SUPERMAN FINDS GOLDEN METEOR
I... I DON'T WANT TO WRITE A NOTE ABOUT IT TO SUPERMAN EITHER... HE'D FEEL TERRIBLE, KNOWING HE WAS DANGEROUS TO MY HEALTH! I'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP OUT OF HIS WAY UNTIL... OH, NO! HERE HE COMES NOW!
MOMENTS LATER...
JIMMY LEFT IN A BIG RUSH, JUST AS YOU ARRIVED, SUPERMAN!
THAT'S ODD! IS JIMMY AVOIDING ME?... HAVE I DONE SOMETHING WRONG? WELL, IT CAN'T BE SERIOUS!

IT'S MORE SERIOUS THAN YOU THINK, SUPERMAN-- FOR AT THE VERY MOMENT...
:WHEW: I'M GLAD SUPERMAN ISN'T CHASING ME... I'VE GOT TO AVOID HIM, FOR MY OWN GOOD!
DELI
THUS IS JIMMY FORCED TO "HIDE OUT" FROM HIS BEST FRIEND...
MUST REMAIN AT HOME, UNTIL I FIGURE OUT A WAY TO OVERCOME THE ALLERGY! AFTER ALL, THERE'S NO TELLING WHERE I MIGHT RUN INTO SUPERMAN!
YIPES! SOME GREASE SPILLED AND CAUGHT FIRE!
FROM FORCE OF HABIT, JIMMY REACHES FOR THE SECRET SUPERMAN SIGNAL IN HIS WRISTWATCH--BUT...
WAIT! I ALMOST FORGOT... SUPERMAN WOULD BE WORSE FOR ME THAN THE FIRE!
GOT TO PUT IT OUT MYSELF! NO MATTER WHAT DANGER FACES ME, I CAN'T CALL SUPERMAN... HE'S A GREATER DANGER!
LATER, AS "DOC" ARCHER SECRETLY WATCHES THE HEARTBROKEN BOY...
WHAT IF :CHOKE: I'M ALLERGIC TO SUPERMAN FOR LIFE? :SOB: I'LL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER FRIEND LIKE HE WAS!
I MADE MY TESTS AND PROVED MY THEORY... NOW I'M READY TO USE THE KID!
NEXT INSTANT...
WHAT--? W-WHO ARE YOU?
I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU FOR A LITTLE RIDE, SONNY! JUST DO AS I SAY, AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!

PRESENTLY, IN A MOUNTAINOUS AREA, FAR OUTSIDE METROPOLIS...
OUT, KID... I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU! YOU'RE NOT REALLY ALLERGIC TO SUPERMAN AT ALL!
I... I'M NOT? THEN WHAT MAKES MY HEART POUND WHEN HE'S NEAR ME?
THIS IS WHAT DOES IT... GOLD! THINK BACK... BOTH TIMES WHEN YOU WERE NEAR SUPERMAN, HE WAS NEAR GOLD! THAT WAS THE BIG CLUE!
YOU MEAN ONLY THE GOLD MAKES ME... ER... "CLICK"?
"NO--I DISCOVERED THE REAL ANSWER WHEN I FOLLOWED YOU HOME, EARLIER TODAY..."
BANG!
THERE GOES OLSEN, AND THIS IS THE PERFECT SPOT-- NO JEWELRY STORES, OR OTHER PLACES THAT HAVE GOLD IN THE VICINITY-- AND THIS SHOT SHOULD ATTRACT SUPERMAN!
"WHEN SUPERMAN CAME TO INVESTIGATE, I WAS HIDING DOWN BELOW..."
AHA! EVEN THOUGH SUPERMAN IS FLYING NEARBY, OLSEN ISN'T "CLICKING"!.. BECAUSE THERE'S NO GOLD AROUND! OBVIOUSLY, IT ISN'T SUPERMAN ALONE WHO AFFECTS HIM!
"AND WHEN I MADE A REVERSE TEST, OUTSIDE YOUR WINDOW..."
GOLD, BY ITSELF, DOESN'T WORK ON HIM EITHER! THAT MEANS HE'S ONLY AFFECTED WHEN HE'S NEAR BOTH TOGETHER-- SUPERMAN AND GOLD!
BUT JUST WHY GOLD-PLUS-SUPERMAN MAKES YOU CLICK IS STILL A MYSTERY!
WHO CARES? AT LEAST I KNOW I'M NOT ALLERGIC TO SUPERMAN! WHAT A RELIEF!
5

THEN JIMMY GETS THE BAD NEWS!
NOW FOR MY PLAN! YOU KNOW HOW A GEIGER COUNTER CLICKS NEAR URANIUM? WELL, WE'LL EXPLORE THE MOUNTAINS--AND WHEN YOU CLICK, I'LL KNOW I'VE GOT A GOLD STRIKE!
JEEPERS! HE'S GOING TO USE ME AS A HUMAN GEIGER COUNTER!
BUT WAIT... YOU NEED SUPERMAN AROUND, TOO, TO MAKE ME CLICK NEAR GOLD! HE WON'T COME AND HELP YOU...
HE'S ALREADY HERE, SEE?
INDEED, PATROLLING THE MOUNTAINS AT THIS VERY MOMENT...
THE DAILY PLANET GOT A CALL THAT A CRANK ARSONIST PLANS TO START A BIG FOREST FIRE HERE! IT MAY BE A PHONY TIP, BUT I'LL PLAY SAFE AND SEARCH THE AREA FOR AWHILE!
HA, HA... I PHONED A FAKE "TIP" TO THE PLANET, DECOYING SUPERMAN HERE! IF YOU STUMBLE ON GOLD ORE, HE'LL BE WITHIN RANGE TO MAKE YOU CLICK! AND DON'T TRY TO CALL HIM... OR I'LL SHOOT!
GULP! I G-GUESS NOW'S THE TIME TO USE MY SECRET SUPERMAN SIGNAL...
BUT, TO JIMMY'S DISMAY...
OH, NO! IT...IT'S OUT OF ORDER! AND THESE THICK WOODS HIDE US FROM SIGHT... SUPERMAN CAN'T SEE THE SPOT I'M IN UNLESS HE TURNS ON HIS X-RAY VISION! I'M TRAPPED INTO HELPING A CROOK FIND GOLD!
SOON...
AHA! YOU'RE CLICKING, AND SUPERMAN IS CIRCLING OVER US AGAIN! WE'VE HIT A GOLD STRIKE!
GOSH, HE'LL FILE CLAIM AND BECOME RICH!
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
6

BUT JUST THEN, ANOTHER "DISCOVERY"...
BLAST IT! SOMEBODY ALREADY CLAIMED THIS BONANZA! WE'VE GOT TO KEEP LOOKING!
GOLD STAKE OF PETE JONES KEEP OFF!
:WHEW: MAYBE I WON'T FIND ANY MORE GOLD!
WOW! BIG NUGGETS OF PURE GOLD DOWN THERE! I CAN BRING UP $1,000,000 WORTH, WITHOUT EVEN DIGGING!
GUESS AGAIN, JIMMY-- FOR NOT LONG AFTERWARD...
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
GOT TO FOIL HIM, SOMEHOW! HMM--THOSE LOOSE STONES GIVE ME AN IDEA!
BEFORE HE CLIMBS DOWN, I'LL NUDGE THIS BOULDER DOWN THE SLOPE! IT'LL LOOSEN MORE ROCKS... I HOPE!
ABRUPTLY...
RUMBLE...
CRASH!
YIPES! A LANDSLIDE, BURYING THE GOLD UNDER TONS OF ROCK!
BUT HE'LL FORCE ME TO FIND MORE! SUPERMAN IS STILL PATROLLING ABOVE FOR THE "ARSONIST"... IF I COULD ONLY SIGNAL HIM SOMEHOW!
FINALLY, JIMMY CLICKS FASTER THAN EVER WHEN...
GIANT GOLD NUGGETS! THE BIGGEST STRIKE IN HISTORY! AND NO LANDSLIDE CAN BURY IT THIS TIME... THIS IS LEVEL GROUND!
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
I GOT MY GOLD, BUT YOU GET LEAD AFTER SUPERMAN GIVES UP HIS "FIRE" PATROL! MEANWHILE, YOU CAN HEAP UP NUGGETS FOR ME... HA, HA!
JUST WHAT I WANTED! HOPE THIS PILE, FLASHING IN THE SUN, WILL FOOL SUPERMAN!

JIMMY DOES FOOL SUPERMAN--IN THE RIGHT WAY!
THAT BRIGHT GLARE... IT MIGHT BE THE ARSONIST STARTING THE FOREST FIRE! I'LL GET HIM NOW!
HUH--? SUPERMAN!
JIMMY...YOU HERE? AND YOU AREN'T AVOIDING ME ANY MORE?
FAR FROM IT, SUPERMAN! NAB THAT CROOK AND I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!
BANG
AFTER BRIEFING SUPERMAN, JIMMY HAS ONE MORE CROWNING BLOW FOR DOC ARCHER!
HMM... THIS IS ONLY IRON PYRITE--FOOL'S GOLD, IN OTHER WORDS!
SURE... I FAKED THE CLICKING BEFORE, WITH TWO STONES IN MY POCKET! I FOOLED HIM IN ORDER TO MAKE THE "FIRE" SIGNAL!
AND SO, AFTER JAILING THE CROOK AND RETURNING TO JIMMY'S HOME...
THIS GOLD PEN AND YOU MAKE ME CLICK AGAIN! BUT IF IT ISN'T MY HEART HAMMERING FROM "SUPERMAN ALLERGY", WHAT IS IT?
JIMMY...IT'S YOUR WATCH CLICKING, NOT YOU! THAT'S WHY IT WAS OUT OF ORDER WHEN YOU TRIED TO SIGNAL ME!
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
THE YELLOW LIGHT-RAYS FROM ANY GOLD, BOUNCING FROM MY IMPENETRABLE BODY IN CONCENTRATED FORM, CAUSED THE FAULTY MECHANISM TO CLICK! I'LL FIX IT!
THANK GOODNESS... I WON'T BE A "HUMAN GEIGER COUNTER" ANY MORE!
GOSH, I'M GLAD I'M NOT REALLY "ALLERGIC" TO YOU, SUPERMAN!
SO AM I, JIMMY! ALL THE GOLD ON EARTH ISN'T EQUAL TO OUR "GOLDEN" FRIENDSHIP!
THE END.

GIVEN! BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN! CASH or PREMIUMS

WE GIVE YOU ....

EXTRA! EXTRA! If you mail coupon at once—we'll send you exciting new "PUZZLES" free of charge. MAIL COUPON BELOW

MAIL COUPON

IT WAS EASY, KIDS - WE EARNED THEM, AND LOTS MORE SWELL PREMIUMS, SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE TO OUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS!

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You'll receive FREE "PUZZLES" — a thrilling collection of 15 puzzles — 18 riddles. All real stumpers but easy when you know how — and we give you all the answers. Work 'em on your friends — they'll think you're a real smarty! Great fun for everybody! Mail coupon. We'll send free catalog too! Dozens of wonderful premiums (sent postage paid). SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35c a box (with picture). Rush coupon to start.

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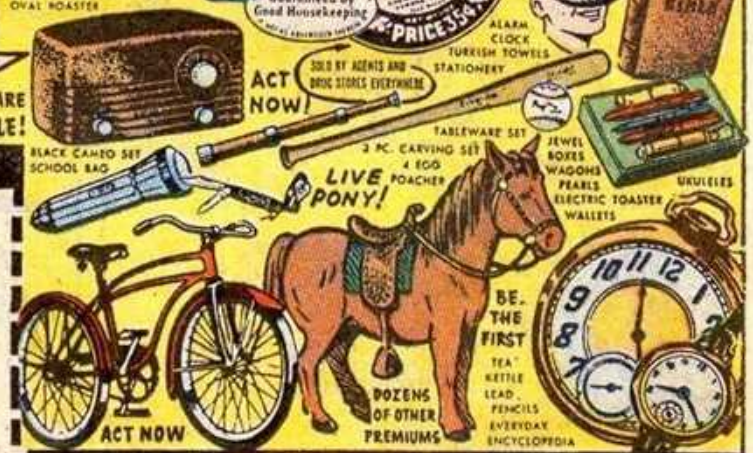

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WILSON CHEMICAL COMPANY Dept. 115-1 Tyrone, Pa.

CHARLIE
Cannonball
HENRY BOLTINOFF
I'M LOOKING FOR A JOB. I LIKE WORKING IN THE OUTDOORS!
SEE CHARLIE. HE NEEDS AN ASSISTANT!
YOU LOOK ALL RIGHT. COME WITH ME!
NOW THAT YOU'RE BLINDFOLDED, STEP IN HERE FOR A TRIAL RUN!
BOOM!
YES, DEAR, I GOT A JOB. IT'S OUT IN THE FRESH AIR AND I DON'T HAVE TO DO ANY WORK!
END

DANGER ON THE DOWNGRADE

He Wanted to Make Good as a Railroad Engineer, but Not on a Freight—Until an Emergency Arose

ENGINEER Tom Hawley listened intently to the humming Diesel locomotive that was pulling 90 freight cars up a steep mountain grade. He nodded with satisfaction, and turned to young Jim Harper who had been studying the dials on the front panel.

"Young man," he said, "by the time I get done training you, you'll be able to tell how your engine is by listening to the sound, same as me!"

Jim grunted, and turned back to the dials. Engineer Hawley peered over his spectacles at the learner, and then eased his long train onto the main line track.

"Jim, you've been grumbling ever since you were assigned to my train. What's the matter? Did I do anything wrong?"

Jim shook his head. "It's not *you*, Tom. It's this freight train. As long as I can remember, I always dreamed I'd be handling one of those crack passenger trains some day!"

"Oh," said the engineer, "you've been hankering to push a *lace curtain*, have you?"

"A *what?*" asked Jim.

"'Lace curtain' is the railroad term for passenger train."

"And what's the railroad term for a crawling freight train like this?"

"The freight," explained the engineer, "is called the 'money train.'"

"That may be so," said Jim, stubbornly, "but it hasn't got the glamor of a passenger train. Besides, I pulled a top mark in my qualifying test. And the Diesel training I had should certainly have qualified me for a job on what you call a lace curtain!"

"Take it easy," said Tom Hawley in a soothing tone. "If your heart is set on a lace curtain, maybe you'll get your chance some day."

Just then, from the radio squawk box located overhead, emerged a booming voice.

"Tom? This is Conductor Clapper in the caboose. Am I coming in?"

The engineer picked up a hand phone hanging near the throttle, and spoke into it.

"Hawley speaking. What's up?"

"Just wanted to remind you that The Chieftain will be coming through behind us on the same track. We'll have to pull into the hole beyond the tunnel."

"I remember. But thanks for telling me anyway," answered Hawley, and hung up.

Jim was staring at the engineer. "Did I hear him say we had to pull into the hole? What's the hole, anyway?"

"Pulling into the hole beyond the tunnel means switching over onto a siding on the east end of the tunnel so the passenger train can pass."

"Hmm . . . so we have to pull off the line to let the lace curtain by!" grumbled Jim.

"It's just railroad policy, Jim. It doesn't mean that the lace curtains are better than the freights."

But the engineer realized that his words had made no impression on the disgruntled young learner.

There was a long silence. In the distance came the sound of the screeching whistle of the crack passenger train racing at breakneck speed. Tom Hawley sounded his own whistle and throttled up more speed. The train began to hit the downgrade.

"I wouldn't like to get a kick in the

tail by the lace curtain," he murmured.

Suddenly, a strange voice cried through the squawk box. "Engineer of Freight FT100! This is road foreman Sam Jenkins speaking to you from the portable radio in my car which is parked near a spot you just passed!"

The urgency in the road foreman's voice put a frown on Hawley's face. "What's the trouble, Jenkins?"

"I spotted a hobo hitching a ride behind your helper engine. You'd better stop and get him off before you hit that tunnel!"

Hawley gulped. "I can't stop!" he shouted. "There's a crack passenger train crowding me from behind! I can't even take the chance of slowing down for fear it might plough into me!"

"Yes," came the troubled voice from the squawk box, "it's passing by now —too late for *ME* to stop it! You'd better do something—for that hobo's sake!"

The squawk box clicked off.

Jim turned questioningly to the engineer. "What's all the excitement about? Why can't we remove that hobo when we get to that siding?"

"Because," shouted Hawley, "in the constricted area of the tunnel, the heat from the helper Diesel would kill him!"

Jim realized that they would reach the tunnel in about 10 minutes. There was only one way to save the man's life. And he was the only one in a position to do it.

Without a word, he climbed through the window. Hawley gasped.

"Don't do it, Jim," he cried. "You'll never make it in time! And instead of saving his life, you'll lose your own! Now get back here!"

But Jim pretended not to hear. He was already trying to keep his balance on the narrow catwalk leading to the rear of the Diesel. In minutes he was at the hobo's side.

"Come on with me to the cab!" Jim shouted over the din of the Diesel.

The hobo, frightened, shook his head. And Jim realized there wasn't time to explain. He unloosed a straight left to the jaw, and caught the limp hobo as he fell.

Then, carefully slinging the man over his shoulder, Jim started back along the catwalk.

He made it into the cab at the very moment that the train roared into the tunnel.

It was the road manager who later clapped Jim on the back. "It took geat courage and quick thinking on your part, and you saved a man's life. It's the kind of action we expected from you, Jim—and one of the reasons why we had enough faith in you to assign you to a freight instead of a lace curtain."

Jim turned for a quick glance at him, smiling quietly.

After all, how was he to know that railroad men considered a job in freight more important than one in a lace curtain?

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF SUPERMAN'S PAL, JIMMY OLSEN, published 8 Times Yearly at Sparta, Illinois for October 1, 1956.

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3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

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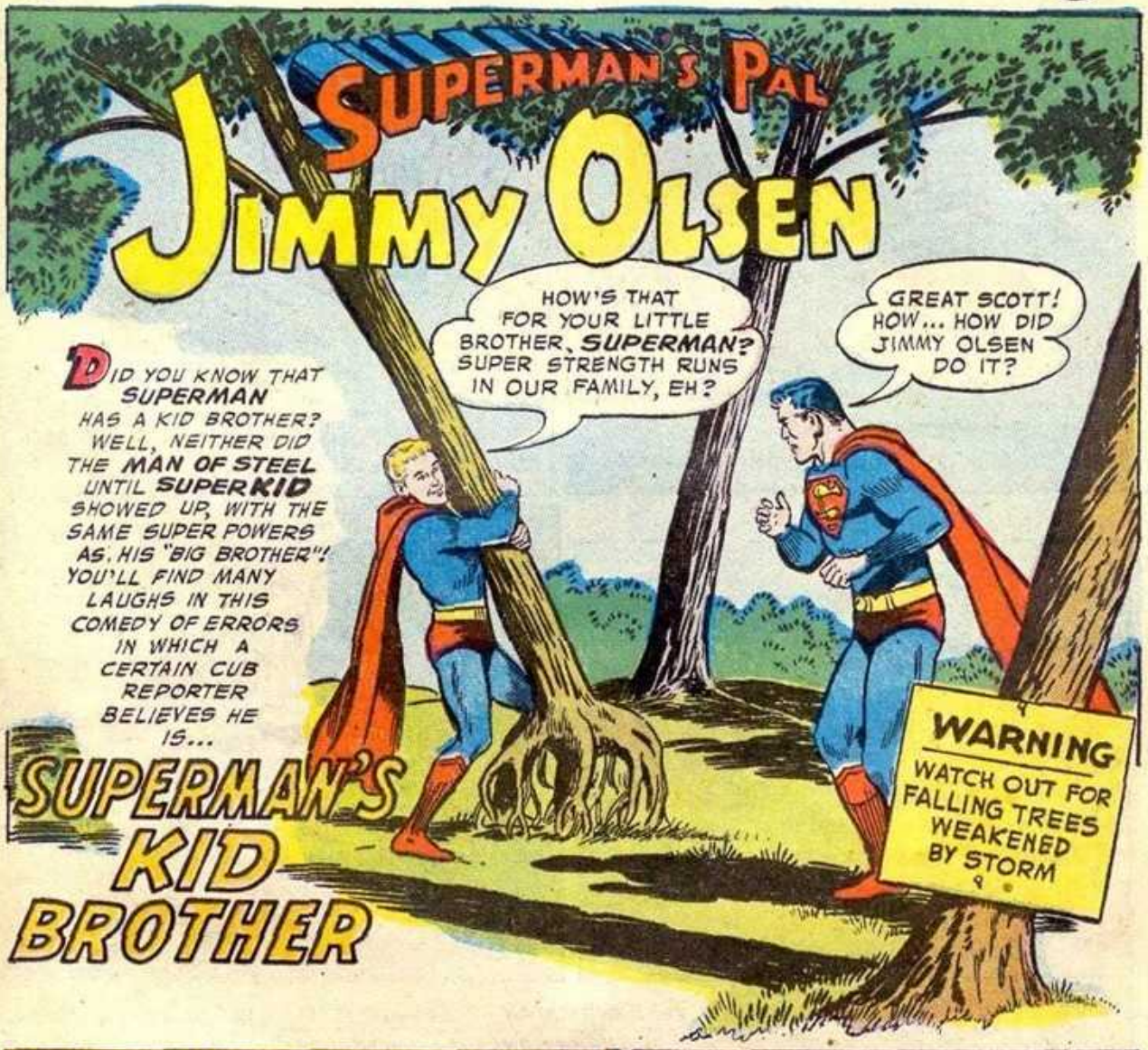
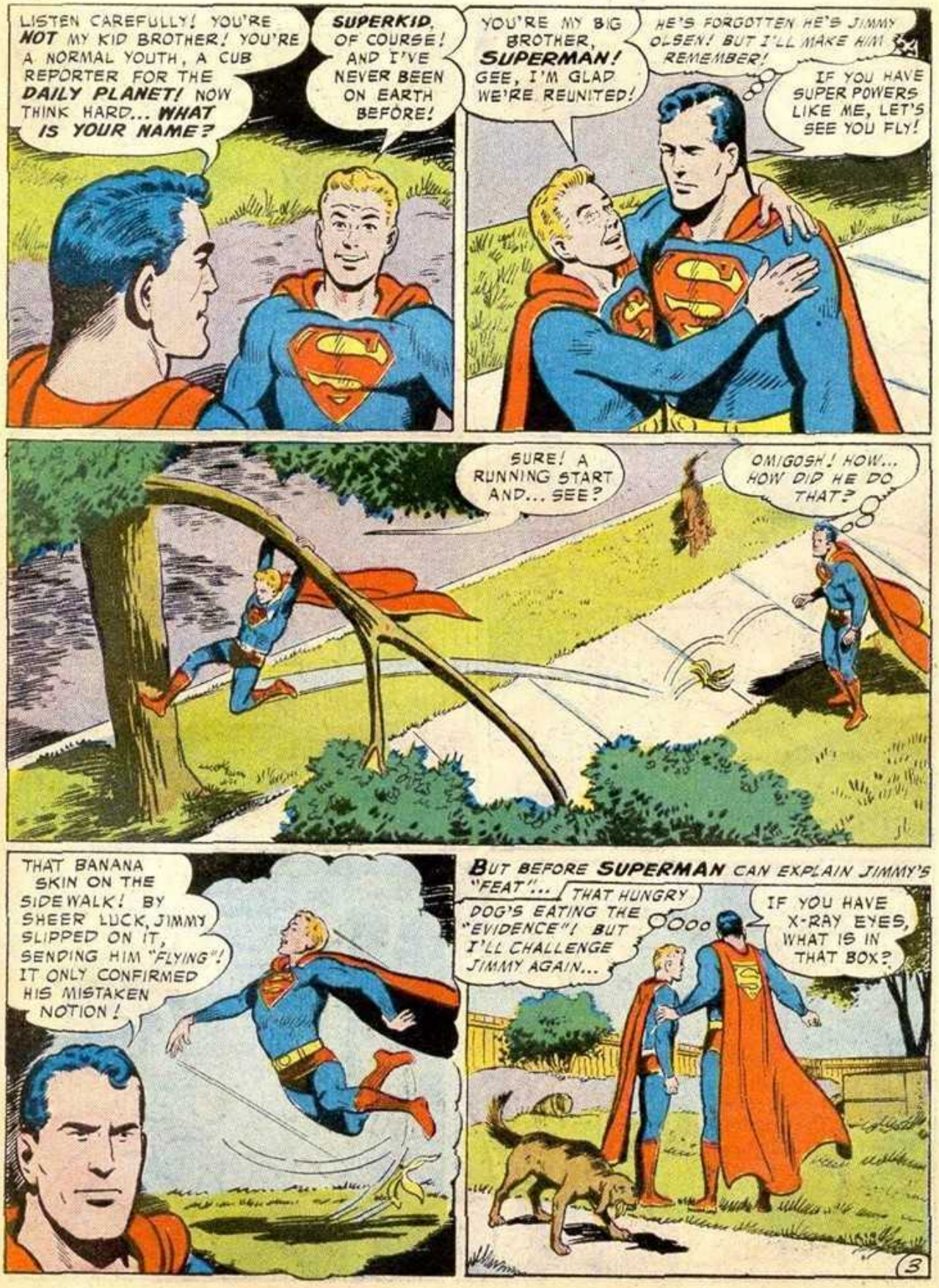
J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1956.
ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public
(Commission expires March 30, 1958.)


SUPERMAN'S PAL
JIMMY OLSEN
HOW'S THAT FOR YOUR LITTLE BROTHER, SUPERMAN? SUPER STRENGTH RUNS IN OUR FAMILY, EH?
GREAT SCOTT! HOW... HOW DID JIMMY OLSEN DO IT?
DID YOU KNOW THAT SUPERMAN HAS A KID BROTHER? WELL, NEITHER DID THE MAN OF STEEL UNTIL SUPERKID SHOWED UP, WITH THE SAME SUPER POWERS AS HIS "BIG BROTHER"! YOU'LL FIND MANY LAUGHS IN THIS COMEDY OF ERRORS IN WHICH A CERTAIN CUB REPORTER BELIEVES HE IS...
WARNING
WATCH OUT FOR FALLING TREES WEAKENED BY STORM
SUPERMAN'S KID BROTHER

ONE MORNING, CUB REPORTER JIMMY OLSEN REPORTS TO THE METROPOLIS CHARITY SHOW IN A SPECIAL COSTUME...
METROPOLIS CHARITY SH
SPECIAL
JIMMY OLSEN -- SUPERMAN'S PAL, WILL SIGN AUTOGRAPHS FOR $1.00
THEY ASKED ME TO DRESS UP IN THIS SUPERMAN SUIT AS AN ADDED ATTRACTION! I LOOK LIKE HIS KID BROTHER, I GUESS!

THIS THOUGHT INSPIRES A THRILLING DAY-DREAM...
LET'S RACE AROUND THE WORLD, SUPERKID!
GOSH, WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT TO REALLY BE SUPERMAN'S YOUNG BROTHER WITH ALL HIS SUPER POWERS?

PREOCCUPIED BY HIS THOUGHTS, JIMMY STUMBLES AND...
OOPS! TRIPPED OVER THAT ELECTRIC WIRE!
ROCKET MODEL TO BE SHOT OFF AT NOON
SPARKS FROM THE BROKEN WIRE IGNITE THE FUEL AND ABRUPTLY THE ROCKET ROARS OFF...
VOOOOM
YI-I-I
...ONLY TO CRASH A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY!
OHHHH!
LUCKILY, I WAS THROWN CLEAR! ONLY GOT A BUMP ON MY HEAD! BUT... ER... WHERE AM I? AND... AND ER... WHO AM I?
STRICKEN WITH TEMPORARY AMNESIA, JIMMY'S FORMER DAYDREAM RETURNS...
HMM... EVIDENTLY, I CAME FROM SPACE IN THAT ROCKET! I MUST BE INVULNERABLE TO HAVE SURVIVED THAT CRASH! AND THIS COSTUME... WHY, OF COURSE... I'M SUPERKID!
AS SUPERMAN HOVERS INTO VIEW...
HI, SUPERMAN! REMEMBER ME, YOUR YOUNG BROTHER-- SUPERKID?
ARE YOU JOKING? I HAVE NO KID BROTHER!
IT'S SO MANY YEARS, YOU'VE FORGOTTEN I SUPPOSE! AFTER OUR PLANET KRYPTON EXPLODED, MY ROCKET MUST HAVE DRIFTED IN SPACE TILL NOW!
GREAT SCOTT! THE CRASH GAVE JIMMY THE DELUSION THAT HE CAME TO EARTH IN A KRYPTON ROCKET, LIKE I DID AS SUPERBABY!


LISTEN CAREFULLY! YOU'RE NOT MY KID BROTHER! YOU'RE A NORMAL YOUTH, A CUB REPORTER FOR THE DAILY PLANET! NOW THINK HARD... WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
SUPERKID, OF COURSE! AND I'VE NEVER BEEN ON EARTH BEFORE!
YOU'RE MY BIG BROTHER, SUPERMAN! GEE, I'M GLAD WE'RE REUNITED!
HE'S FORGOTTEN HE'S JIMMY OLSEN! BUT I'LL MAKE HIM REMEMBER!
IF YOU HAVE SUPER POWERS LIKE ME, LET'S SEE YOU FLY!
SURE! A RUNNING START AND... SEE?
OMIGOSH! HOW... HOW DID HE DO THAT?
THAT BANANA SKIN ON THE SIDEWALK! BY SHEER LUCK, JIMMY SLIPPED ON IT, SENDING HIM "FLYING"! IT ONLY CONFIRMED HIS MISTAKEN NOTION!
BUT BEFORE SUPERMAN CAN EXPLAIN JIMMY'S "FEAT"...
THAT HUNGRY DOG'S EATING THE "EVIDENCE"! BUT I'LL CHALLENGE JIMMY AGAIN...
IF YOU HAVE X-RAY EYES, WHAT IS IN THAT BOX?

THAT'S EASY! IT CONTAINS OLD NEWSPAPERS! LET'S SEE, THE TOP HEADLINE READS, SUPERMAN SMASHES CRIME RING!
HOLY SMOKE... HE'S RIGHT! BUT--BUT HE CAN'T HAVE X-RAY VISION!
OF COURSE! THAT DISCARDED MIRROR REFLECTED THE BACK OF THE TORN BOX, TO JIMMY'S EYES! UNDER HIS DELUSION, HE THOUGHT IT WAS X-RAY VISION!
I'LL SHOW JIMMY THE MIRROR -- OOPS! THAT BOY, THROWING STONES, RUINED MY EVIDENCE AGAIN! BUT SOME TEST MUST PROVE JIMMY HAS NO SUPER POWERS! LET ME THINK...
BUT, UNEXPECTEDLY, THE NEXT TEST LOOMS WITHOUT SUPERMAN'S AID...
A THIEF--! I'LL STOP HIM!
JIMMY LEAPED BEFORE I COULD STOP HIM! HE'LL BE RIDDLED--
BUT... WHY WASTE AMMUNITION ON SUPERKID, MISTER? I DON'T FEEL A THING!
OH, NO! I... I MUST BE DREAMING! HOW CAN BULLETS BOUNCE FROM JIMMY?
BANG BANG
HUH--?
NO BULLETS CAME FROM THE GUN... BECAUSE IT WAS LOADED WITH BLANKS! BUT HE SHOT THEM ALL SO I CAN'T SHOW ANY TO JIMMY!
4

NOW, JIMMY IS CONVINCED MORE THAN EVER OF HIS SUPER POWERS!
GUESS THAT PROVES I'M YOUR KID BROTHER, SUPERMAN!
ER... NOT UNLESS YOU CAN CRUSH THIS GUN WITH SUPER STRENGTH!
SURE, I'LL JUST -- HUH? WHAT'S WRONG?
CAN'T DO IT, CAN YOU? NOW TRY TO EXPLAIN WHY THE MIGHTY SUPERKID IS SO "WEAK"!
THERE'S THE ANSWER, SUPERMAN! THAT BOY THROWING ROCKS... ONE OF THEM GLOWS! IT MUST BE A BIT OF KRYPTONITE AND IT WEAKENED ME ME WHILE BOUNCING PAST!
WHAT'S THE USE? I -- I CAN'T WIN!
TOO LATE TO SNATCH IT AND PROVE IT'S NOT KRYPTONITE! FOR TWO CENTS, I'D RIP UP THE WHOLE SEWER TO FIND IT -- NO, CALM YOURSELF, SUPERMAN! DON'T LET THIS GET YOU DOWN!
WELL, I PROVED MY SUPER POWERS BEFORE, SUPERMAN! HOW ABOUT LETTING ME HELP YOU WITH YOUR JOBS AROUND TOWN NOW?
(ULPS!)... THAT'S THE LAST THING I WANT! WITHOUT REAL SUPER POWERS, JIMMY WOULD BE IN CONSTANT DANGER!
I'LL STALL HIM UNTIL I FIND A WAY TO CURE HIM!
NO, I CAN'T SHARE MY WORK BECAUSE... ER...
HMM... I GET IT! YOU DON'T WANT TO SHARE THE GLORY WITH YOUR KID BROTHER, RIGHT?
SHAME ON YOU FOR BEING SO... SO SELFISH, SUPERMAN!
I -- I'LL CRACK UNDER THIS... AFTER ALL... I'M ONLY SUPERMAN!

I HAVE NO HOME ON EARTH... BUT I SUPPOSE YOU WON'T LET ME LIVE WITH YOU... (CHOKE!)... MY OWN BROTHER, TURNING AGAINST ME!
I CAN'T LET HIM OUT OF MY SIGHT UNTIL HE'S IN HIS RIGHT MIND AGAIN! I'LL TAKE HIM TO MY APARTMENT, WHERE I LIVE AS CLARK KENT!
LATER...
I HAVE AN IDEA! I'LL BLOW DUST IN HIS EYES, AND...
GOSH, MY EYES ARE SMARTING... GUESS I NEED A NAP!
NOW'S MY CHANCE! I'LL USE THIS HEAVY ROPE FROM AMONG MY SOUVENIRS, AND TIE UP JIMMY!
SUPERMAN SOUVENIRS
NOW TO GET ON WITH MY REGULAR PATROL OF THE CITY! WHEN JIMMY WAKES UP, HIS DELUSION WILL END! HE'LL REALIZE HE HAS NO SUPER STRENGTH, BEING UNABLE TO BREAK THAT ROPE!
BUT RETURNING AN HOUR LATER...
JIMMY'S GONE! BUT... BUT HOW COULD HE HAVE BROKEN THAT ROPE? I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM--!
WHEN SUPERMAN LOCATES JIMMY...
I'LL CATCH THAT STRAY DOG FOR THE DOGCATCHER!
THAT DOG CAN RUN TWICE AS FAST AS HE CAN! JIMMY WILL FAIL!
DOG POUND
6

WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG, SUPERMAN! AROUND THE CORNER, OUT OF SIGHT, THERE IS A SIMILAR DOG, AND...
I GOT HIM! SUPERKID SCORES AGAIN! NO DOG IS FAST ENOUGH TO GET AWAY FROM ME!
HE... HE DID IT AGAIN! (ULPS!)
FLYING... X-RAY EYES... STOPPING BULLETS... SUPER STRENGTH... SUPER SPEED... ALL THE SUPER POWERS ARE MINE! IT'S TIME TO START MY CAREER AS SUPERKID, BROTHER OF SUPERMAN!
WHAT'S THIS? IS SUPERMAN GIVING UP?
ALL RIGHT...ER... BROTHER! BUT FIRST, YOU SHOULD ADOPT A SECRET IDENTITY, LIKE ME!
SAY, THAT'S A GREAT IDEA!
I'LL MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR YOU TO TAKE A JOB UNDER THE FICTITIOUS NAME OF... BZZZ... BZZZ!
THAT'S A GOOD NAME YOU MADE UP! I'LL GET ORDINARY CLOTHES AND TRY OUT MY NEW SECRET IDENTITY RIGHT NOW!
SOON...
THIS IS PERFECT! SUPERMAN GOT ME A JOB AT THE DAILY PLANET, AND NOBODY HERE KNOWS THAT SUPERKID IS AMONG THEM... AS "JIMMY OLSEN!"
PERRY WHITE EDITOR DAILY PLANET
MEANWHILE, SUPERMAN HAS RETURNED TO HIS OWN SECRET GUISE OF CLARK KENT, REPORTER...
JIMMY THINKS I MADE UP HIS NAME! HE DOESN'T KNOW HIS SO-CALLED SECRET NAME IS HIS OWN! NOW, IF MY PLAN WORKS...
WELL, IT'S TIME TO ROUND UP SOME HEADLINES... AS SUPERKID!

AND IN A SECLUDED CORNER OF THE FILE ROOM...
IN THE YEARS TO COME, NOBODY WILL SUSPECT THAT ORDINARY JIMMY OLSEN, CUB REPORTER, IS REALLY THE GREAT SUPERKID!
LOIS LANE WON'T KNOW ME AS I PASS...
HUH!?
MY GOODNESS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THAT COSTUME, JIMMY OLSEN?
PERRY WHITE EDITOR DAILY PLANET
(GULP!)...THE FIRST PERSON I MEET KNOWS MY SECRET IDENTITY! WHAT A TERRIBLE SHOCK--! UH... I FEEL DIZZY!
HI, SUPERKID! BEND THIS STEEL BAR FOR ME, WILL YOU?
AW, QUIT THE KIDDING, CLARK! I ONLY DRESSED IN THIS COSTUME FOR FUN! YOU KNOW I'M JIMMY OLSEN!
WHEW! IT WORKED! WHEN LOIS EXPOSED HIS "SECRET IDENTITY" RIGHT AWAY, THE BIG SHOCK SHATTERED JIMMY'S DELUSION!
"AS FOR THAT SOUVENIR ROPE, I HAD FORGOTTEN THAT IT'D BEEN WEAKENED AT AN EXHIBIT, AND JIMMY COULD'VE BROKEN IT EASILY."
TUG-OF-WAR SUPERMAN VS. 10 STRONGEST MEN
FINALLY, AFTER CLARK KENT RESUMES HIS SUPERMAN DUTIES.
WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THE ROCKET CRASHED? I...I DON'T REMEMBER A THING!
AND I'LL NEVER FORGET! JIMMY IS A FINE PAL, BUT AS MY "KID BROTHER"? BROTHER!!!
THE END.

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Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes

CHILD'S PRAYER
Now I lay me down To Sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I should Die before I Wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take

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Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35c each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25c for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP $2.50

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP $3.00

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REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

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. . . the famous AROUND-THE-WORLD STAMP ALBUM . . . which contains 2196 illustrations . . . spaces for 2911 stamps from 253 different countries . . . a map of the world! A happy home for your stamps for years!

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. . . which tells you everything you want to know to enjoy the hobby and become an expert . . . how to begin your collection . . . where to get stamps . . . definitions of special terms used by collectors . . . shows you how to recognize thousands of foreign stamps . . . and also includes some really interesting bargain offers.

Remember—all of these items are yours for just 25¢ . . . so mail the coupon now! We make this remarkable offer to introduce you to our world-famous Bargain Approvals, which we'll also include for *free examination*. If coupon is clipped send 25¢ direct to:

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81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, New York

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ZENITH COMPANY, Dept. NG-12
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Rush me entire Stamp Collecting Outfit—Album 107 Stamps, 250 Hinges, Midget Encyclopedia! I enclose 25¢ in full payment. Also include Bargain Approvals for Free Examination.

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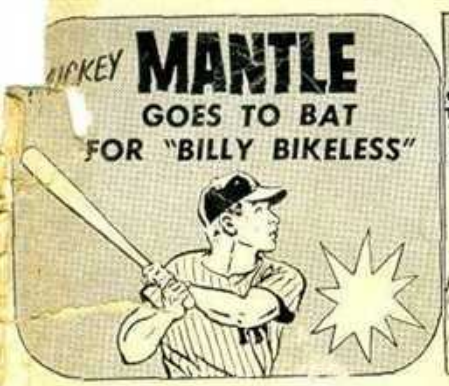
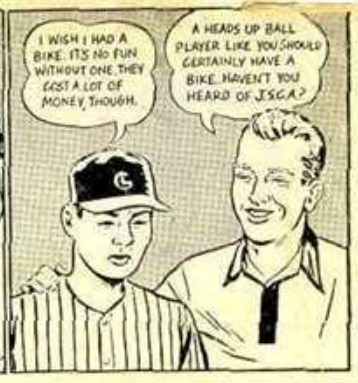
ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ... STATE .....

MICKEY MANTLE GOES TO BAT FOR "BILLY BIKELESS"



GOOD GAME, BILL! YOUR HOMER WON THE GAME FOR US!
SAY, HOW ABOUT THE WHOLE TE... GOING ON AN ... DAY BIKE ... TO MOOSE ... LAKE SOON?
SWELL IDEA! LETS GO NEXT SATURDAY! WE CAN SWIM AND CATCH FISH.


I WISH I HAD A BIKE. IT'S NO FUN WITHOUT ONE. THEY COST A LOT OF MONEY, THOUGH.
A HEADS UP BALL PLAYER LIKE YOU SHOULD CERTAINLY HAVE A BIKE. HAVEN'T YOU HEARD OF JSCA?

HEY FELLAS! IT'S MICKEY MANTLE. HE WATCHED ... GAME.
GOSH! MICKEY I'VE HEARD OF JUNIOR SALES CLUB OF AMERICA. IT'S TERRIFIC! KIDS EARN ALL KINDS OF PRIZES, EVEN BIKES THROUGH JSCA.
RIGHT! DID YOU HEAR THAT BILL?

WOW! LOOK AT BILLY'S NEW BIKE!
WHERE DID YOU GET THAT SWELL BIKE, BILLY? THREE SPEED SHIFT, HAND BRAKES, GENERATOR LIGHT! BOY IT'S GREAT!
WEEKS LATER

I EARNED IT ALL MYSELF WITHOUT PAYING A PENNY THROUGH JUNIOR SALES CLUB OF AMERICA. I'M HAVING A SWELL TIME THANKS TO MICKEY MANTLE AND JSCA!

Look Kids, get these prizes for yourself without cost from JUNIOR SALES CLUB OF AMERICA

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DAISY EAGLE
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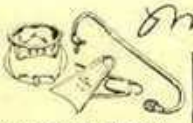

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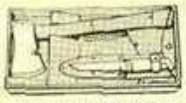

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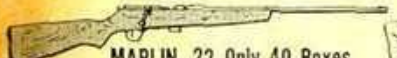
DAISY RED RYDER
Only 12 Boxes



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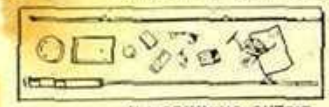

H-I SPINNING OUTFIT
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Just fill in and mail the coupon to become a member of the J.S.C.A. Mark on the coupon whether you want to start with 12 or 20 boxes of All-Occasion Cards. (If prize is for more than 20 boxes, start with your first order for 20 boxes.) We will send your prize-winning boxes of cards on credit because WE TRUST YOU. It's quick and it's EASY! Drop the coupon in the mail NOW! ACT QUICKLY TO GET YOUR FREE MEMBERSHIP CARD.

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Check Local Laws Before Ordering This Prize

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GLASS ROD
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Official Size
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DAISY "EAGLE"
AIR RIFLE
with Scope

Check Local
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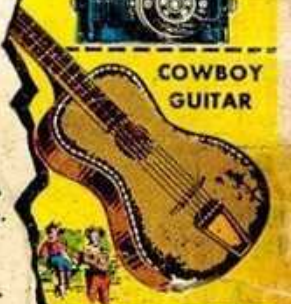

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